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21

THE SPIRIT

By Bill
Gibson
Illustrated by
Will Eisner



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- ☐ Enclosed is my check or money order for \$7. Please send the next 4 issues of The Spirit. Begin with No. _____
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THE SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER

Editor-in-Chief: WILL EISNER • Editor and Publisher: DENIS KITCHEN • Assistants: ARE YOU KIDDING?

No. 21

Page 2... LETTERS

Page 3... ESSAY ON COMIC ART Part Three. Will Eisner discusses "The Expression of Time."

Page 4... HANSEL UND GRETEL. One of *The Spirit's* "Favorite Fairy Tales for Juvenile Delinquents." Two of the wildest antagonists *The Spirit* has ever had to subdue. (Story approved by Jake the Goon.)

Page 11... Long before the world was frightened by the hydrogen or neutron bombs, tiny Greppsany caused a brief panic with their announcement of the COSMIC ANSWER. And *The Spirit* must find the question...

Page 18... This story, No.1 in *The Spirit's* file of "Journeys into the Bizarre," introduces us to Maurice Maywee, a Frenchman with a bizarre curse indeed... the curse of THE INNER VOICE.

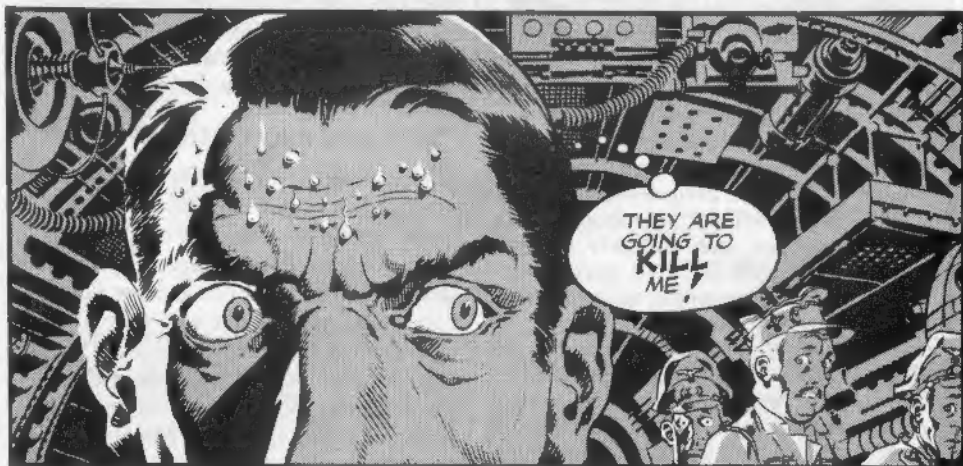
Page 25... LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET, Chapter Three: "A New Form of Life." We are now running this serial in full-page format for easi-



er reading and to better showcase Will Eisner's art on this exciting new comic novella. If you missed the first two chapters, you should be able to obtain copies of *The Spirit* No.19 and 20 from your comics dealer (or use the coupon on the opposite page.)

Page 41... THE HAUNT. A Halloween tale chock full of real ghosts, fake ghosts, witches, Mr. Codjer and, of course, *The Spirit*.

Page 48... OUTER SPACE: DP on the Moon. This is the second chapter of the *Spirit* stories rendered by Wally Wood. *The Spirit* and his convict crew land on the lunar surface, only to discover that unlikely visitors have preceded them. Continued next issue.



THE SPIRIT No.21. Published approximately quarterly by Kitchen Sink Enterprises, a division of Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P.O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968. Free Dealer's Catalog of over 150 different comix and other merchandise available to interested shop-owners and distributors. Phone (414) 295-3972. Entire contents copyright 1979 © by Will Eisner. All rights reserved throughout the world under Universal Copyright Convention. *The Spirit* is registered by the U.S. Patent Office, *Marca Registrada*, *Marquee Deposee*. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher, except for review purposes. First printing July 1979. Printed in U.S.A. Printing number 5 4 3 2 1.



WOULD SKIP A MEAL, BUT...

Out of love for the subject alone, I have one minor critique on your product. The price of a copy of *The Spirit* on this continent is the same as the price for a daily meal. I'm willing and eager to skip a meal for a *Spirit*, as many others would too, but *nobody* will be two copies in order to remove *Life on Another Planet* to make into a separate booklet (and keeping another copy intact.) It would be better to feature it normally, like the rest of your contents.

One other harmony-forsaking editorial deed is continuing the Eisner/Wood science fiction tale from one issue to the next. The Eisner works are not run-of-the mill material. You undervalue it by marketing it in this manner. *Spirit* readers to not need the "to be continued" motive to purchase the next issue.

R. Olaf Stoop

Dirk van Hasseltsteeg 25, Amsterdam, Holland

DROP TEAR-OUT SECTION

The cover of No.20 was a splendid example of how a wraparound cover should be executed. The "front" half (with the Spirit's head just breaking water) was striking in itself, but a look at the "back" half (with a boatload of baddies searching the area) added to its impact.

The reprinted stories continue to be a joy, even for one such as myself who is too young for them to have a nostalgic effect. *Life on Another Planet* shows that Eisner has lost none of his uniqueness, although the properties defying that uniqueness have changed, or, more properly, evolved; but the constant in all of his work is his humanity (or humaneness) with his own peculiar manifestations of it.

I agree that the "tear out" format has got to go; it makes the story extremely difficult to read. And besides, how many people are going to rip apart a \$1.50 magazine just to achieve a separate "book" that is not fastened together, has no cover (i.e. no protection) and is of an awkward size? So, here's hoping you keep up this unusual (for you) publishing venture.

"The Mad Maple"

Toronto, Ontario

DAMN PULL-OUT SECTION!

Just bought *The Spirit* No.20. What can I say about *The Spirit* that nobody else has said about him? *The Spirit is the worst piece of trash ever created in the history of the comic book.* Now, what I just said isn't true, but you've got to admit—it's something about *The Spirit* nobody has ever said before!

The only bad thing about the mag is the damn pullout section! It's difficult to read without pulling the pages out, and I haven't the money to shell out on an extra copy! Indeed, how many readers will put up with this?

I also disapprove of the essays on comic art. They are too dull and technical for my tastes—and friends agree. I would rather see an editorial or an extended letters page. A quarterly magazine should have at least two pages of letters.

Gary Dunaier

67-18 Parsons Boulevard, Flushing, NY 11365

CHANGE TEAR-OUT FORMAT

The Spirit was always one of my favorite comics when I lived in Australia. And it was, fortunately, the only American comic I could lay my hands on in this part of Holland. So I was greatly disappointed when it was discontinued. Yesterday I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw *The Spirit* No.20 in a "Pop Art" store in my town. I think your version of the magazine is better than Warren's. The art is clearer, covers are better, and the magazine isn't cluttered up with ads. One complaint: The tear-out format of *Life on Another Planet* series. It's great to see new Eisner stuff, but it's hard to appreciate in this format. Please do something about it!

David Scherpenhuizen

Silvanushof 9, Maastricht, Holland

Olaf, 'Mad Maple,' Gary, David, and the many others who have written to complain about the "tear-out" section: It has been discontinued. *Life on Another Planet* will appear in this and subsequent issues in full-page glory.

EPIC PROPORTIONS

Life on Another Planet is truly, even more so than *A Contract With God*, a graphic novel. It's surely a story of epic proportions. And Jim Bludd, Eisner's new protagonist? Bludd's just not another *Spirit*, but a character with his own personality, which shows that Eisner is as inventive as ever. We don't know much about Bludd yet, but after all, only the first two chapters have appeared and, as Eisner has said, he's just "gonna let it happen."

Two questions: Just how long will the story be, and will it eventually be published as a complete novel?

Randy Reynaldo

865 Dearborn Place, Gilroy, California 95020

SPIRIT MOVIE CAST

I like the new game, "Cast the *Spirit* movie." Here's my suggested cast:

The Spirit..... James Garner
(or, if he's getting too old for the part, Christopher Reeve.)

Ellen Dolan..... Meredith Baxter Birney
Comm. Dolan..... Arthur O'Connell
Klink..... Jon Voight
P'Gell..... Marisa Berensen

Alan Wassilak

466 Commonwealth, Boston, Mass. 02215

ANOTHER

Here's my ideal *Spirit* cast:

The Spirit..... James Garner
Ellen Dolan..... Mary Tyler Moore
Inspector Dolan..... Will Eisner
P'Gell..... Diana Rigg
Silk Satin..... Ellen Brennan
Sand Saref..... Lauren Bacall
The Octopus..... Victor Buono
Ebony..... Gary Coleman
Tim Yore

796 Washington Street, Bedford, Ohio 44146

MORE SPIRIT, LESS FILLER

I agree with comments made in two letters in issue No.19. I want to see more *Spirit* for my money. *Clifford* is no good. Why not print non-Eisner *Spirits* instead? Also, can't you print some early Eisner stories from 1941 and 1942? More *Spirit*—from whatever the source—and less of the other filler stuff!

L.J. Adler

324 East 74th, New York, NY 10021

MAGICAL PERFECT BLEND

I was disheartened when Warren ceased publishing *The Spirit*, but I'm delighted to see you continue issuing his exploits. It is an amazing thing when one considers that Eisner's stories are just as relevant and entertaining today as they were 20 or 30 years ago.

Eisner was (and still is) a graphic genius and a master of moody scenery. There is just something magical about the stories he writes, which are a perfect blend of humor, satire and seriousness. I guess maybe that's why they have survived the test of time so well.

I really love the new wraparound color covers, and I'm curious as to whether you plan to include any color stories in upcoming issues.

Kevin McConnell

118 Main Avenue, Warren, PA 16365

Kevin—Our circulation would have to increase substantially to offset the high cost of interior color.

Please address your letters of comment to:

THE SPIRIT
P.O. Box 7
Princeton, Wisconsin 54968

The phenomenon of duration and its experience—commonly stated as “time”—is a dimension integral to sequential art. In the universe of human consciousness it combines with space in a kind of interdependence wherein conceptions, actions, motions and movement have a meaning and are measured by our perception of their relationship to each other.

Because we are immersed throughout our lives in a sea of space-time, a large part of our earliest learning is devoted to the comprehension of these dimensions. Space is mostly measured and perceived visually. Time is more illusory; we measure and perceive it through the memory of experience. In primitive societies the movement of the sun, the growth of vegetation or the changes of climate were employed to measure time visually. Modern civilization has developed a mechanical device, the clock, to help us measure time visually. The importance of this to human beings cannot be underestimated. Not only does the measurement of time have an enormous psychological impact, but it enables us to deal with the real business of living. In modern society one might even say that it is instrumental to survival. In comics it is essential to its structure.

In the art of communication among people, the ability to conceive time is critical to its success. It is in this dimension of human understanding that enables us to recognize and be empathetic to surprise, humor, terror and the whole range of human experience. Here, in this theater of our comprehension, the graphic story teller plies his art. At the heart of visual communication is the employment of visual symbols in an arrangement or sequence that relies upon the commonality of perception. It becomes “real” when time and timing is factored into the creation. In music or the other forms of auditory communication where rhythm or “beat” is achieved, it is done with actual length of time. In graphics this experience is conveyed by the use of illusions and symbols.

In the modern comic strip or comic book, the device most fundamental to the transmission of this conception is the panel or frame or box. These lines drawn around the depiction of a scene, which act as a containment of the action or segment of action, have as one of their functions the task of separating or parsing the total statement. Balloons, another containment device used for the entrapment of the representation of speech and sound, are also useful in the delineation of time. The other natural phenomena, movement or transitory occurrences deployed within the perimeter of these borders and depicted by recognizable symbols, become part of the vocabulary used in the expression of time. They are indispensable to the story teller, particularly when he is seeking to involve the reader. Where narrative art seeks to go beyond simple decoration, where it presumes to imitate reality in a meaningful chain of events and consequences and thereby evoke empathy, the dimension of time is an inescapable ingredient.

The Panel

Albert Einstein in his Special Theory (Relativity) states that time is not absolute but relative to the position of the observer. In essence the panel (or box) makes that postulate a reality for the comic book reader. The act of paneling or boxing the action not only defines its perimeters but establishes the position of the reader in relation to the scene and indicates the duration of the event. Indeed, it “tells” time. The magnitude of time elapsed is not expressed by the panel *per se* as an examination of blank boxes in a series quickly reveals. The imposition of the imagery within the frame of the panels acts as the catalyst. The fusing of symbols, images and balloons makes the statement. Indeed, very often in some applications of the frame, the line of the box is eliminated entirely with equal effectiveness. The act of framing separates the scenes and acts as a punctuator. Once established and set in sequence the box or panel becomes the criterion in the illusion of time.

The Balloon

The balloon is a desperation device. It attempts to capture and make visible an ethereal element: sound. The arrangement of balloons which surround speech—their position in relation to each other or to the action or their position with respect to the speaker—contribute to the measurement of time. They are disciplinary in that they demand cooperation of the reader. They require that they be read in a prescribed sequence in order to know who speaks first. They address our subliminal understanding of the duration of speech.

Both of these critical devices, when enclosing natural phenomena, support the recognition of time. J. B. Priestly, writing in *Man and Time*, summed it up most succinctly: “...it is from the sequence of events that we derive our idea of time.”



The reader's orientation, the knowledge of how long it takes a drop of water to fall from the faucet, modified by the number of panels, helps measure the time elapsed. This reinforces the burning down of the fuse. In fact, one could even comprehend the time element without depicting the fuse.

THE SPIRIT'S
FAVORITE

Fairy Tales for Juvenile Delinquents

By Will Eisner

Hänsel und Gretel

THIS IS A PUBLIC SERVICE FEATURE AND IS BASED UPON THE REQUESTS OF PUBLIC-MINDED CITIZENS WHO FEEL THAT JUVENILE CRIME IS LARGELY A RESULT OF DEFICIENCY IN THE WHOLESOME LITERATURE WE USED TO ENJOY. THE AUTHOR (WHO BELIEVES 'TIS BETTER LATE THAN NEVER) IS GLAD TO COOPERATE. HE HOPES TO "REACH" THOSE STRAYED LITTLE LAMBS AND PERHAPS FILL A GAP IN THEIR TWISTED LIVES.

✿ This adaptation has the approval of the Waterfront Protective A.C. and Social Club and is heartily indorsed by its president, Jake the Goon, who has just signed a long-term contract with the state.

Originally Published July 13, 1947



Once upon a time there lived, in Central City, a poor hijacker named FOSGNOV SLASH... he had come upon hard times and so lived in abject poverty with his two children and their stepmother, a former première danseuse at the Gaiety, named MINNIE the MINK.



Papa Fosgnov loved his little family and tried to provide as best he could...

But a temporary recession had set in...

and things were mighty tough.



But try as they might to imitate their father's ways, the poor little tykes were unsuccessful.



So the next day the cruel step-mother and the weak hijacker led the little children into the market, where they told them to stay...

NOW YOU KIDS STAY RIGHT HERE.. KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR COPS..AND KEEP Y'R YAPS SHUT..



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

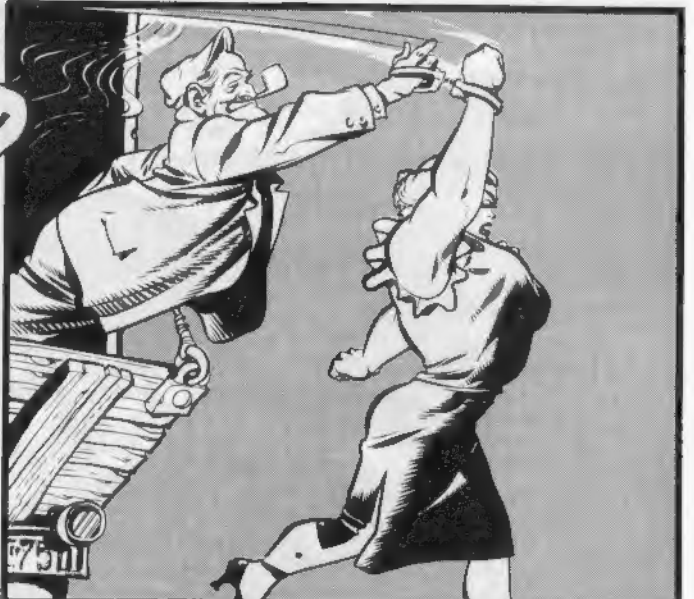
O.K..I GOT ALL THE STUFF LOADED IN THE TRUCK... CHEE, I HATE TO LEAVE THE KIDS BEHIND...

SHADDAP! ... DON'T GET YELLOW NOW... C'MON, STUPID! THE COPS'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



ON THE CONTRARY, LADY.. WE'RE HERE NOW...

EEEEK ^{Ques!}! WE'RE SURROUNDED! DO SOMETHING, FOSGNOV!



... A FEW HOURS LATER...

WHEW.. WHAT A NIGHT.. IF IT WUZN'T FER YOU, WE'DA BEEN CAUGHT SURE... AH, LOOKIT THE LI'L TYKES.. I'M SORTA GLAD THEY FOUND THEIR WAY BACK SAFE...

FAH! #^{Ques!}! SOMEONE TIPPED THEM COPS OFF... IF I EVER FIND OUT... THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE!





The cruel witch cackled with glee when she saw who her victims were!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FOR GRATITUDE! AFTER I "FENCE" FOR THAT YELLOW RAT FOSGNOV, HE SQUEALS ON ME!

WAIT'LL I TELL YOU WHAT HE DID TO US.. HIS OWN KIDS!



SO PA'S ARRESTED, EH? SERVES 'IM RIGHT FOR SETTIN' SUCH A BAD EXAMPLE FOR US!

YEAH.. CRIME DOES NOT PAY! WE'RE GOIN' STRAIGHT!

HA!.. SLASH'S KIDS, EH?.. I'LL BET YOU CAME OUT HERE TO PUT THE FINGER ON ME.. YEAH! IT'S A FRAME!



HEY, WITCH! WHADDAYA DOIN'?

GONNA BURN UP THE EVIDENCE.. WHEN THE COPS GET HERE THERE'LL BE NOTHIN' BUT ASHES!



AND NOW I'M GONNA BURN YOU TWO BRATS UP WITH IT!.. YUK YUK!

HEY, WITCH! YOU THREW A TEN BUCK NOTE IN THERE BY MISTAKE!

EEK NO! NO!



YEAH? WHERE..

EEEEEEK

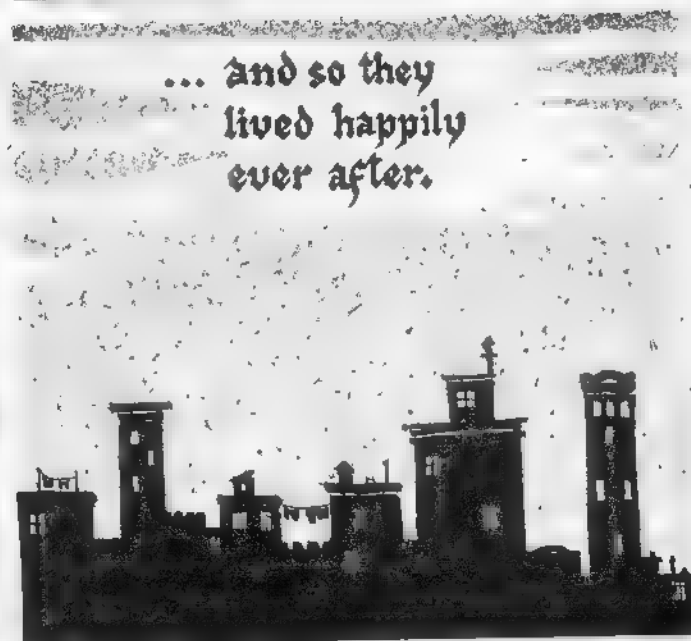


CHEE, THAT WAS SMART HANZEL, ..LET'S RUN!

NO... WE'LL WAIT TILL THE COPS GET HERE. WE'RE HEROES! KIDS WILL READ ABOUT HANZEL AND GRETEL FOR CENTURIES!

HALP FIRE!



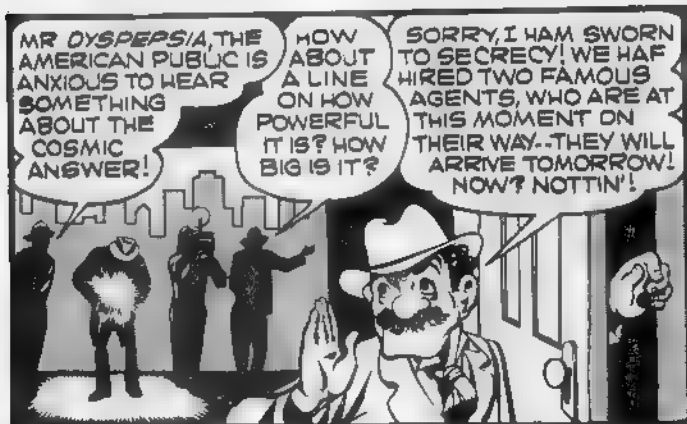


THE COSMIC ANSWER



The first I heard was in a small news item on the export page of the *CENTRAL CITY DAILY*...a small *BALKAN* province, *RAZYANY* or *GRAVANY*.. or something that sounds like that, announced that it had ready for export a formula they called the answer to **THE ATOMIC BOMB!** Their representative in *CENTRAL CITY* even announced he would give it to the *UNITED NATIONS* sub-committee that was in *CENTRAL CITY* on a real estate deal!

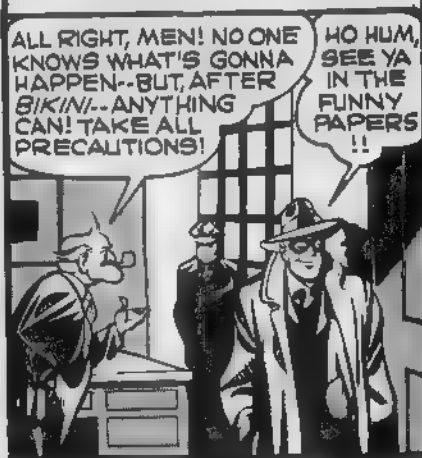
NATURALLY THEIR "COSMIC ANSWER" BECAME NEWS AND THE PAPERS GAVE IT ALL THE PLAY THEY COULD...EVEN OUR GANGSTERS BECAME INTERESTED!



VERY INTERESTED. IN FACT!

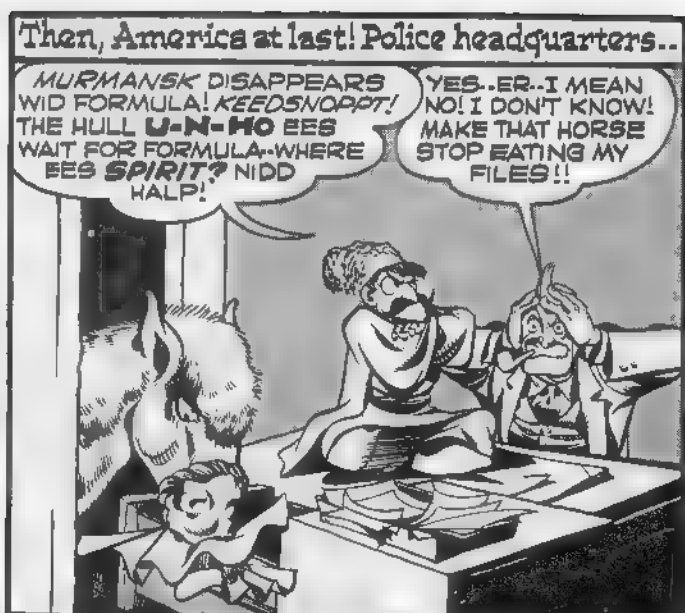


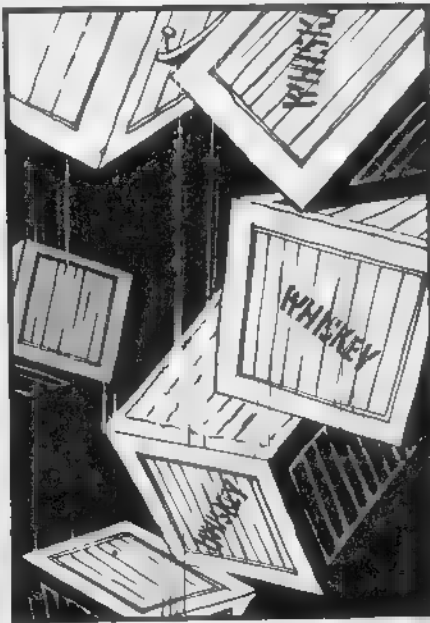
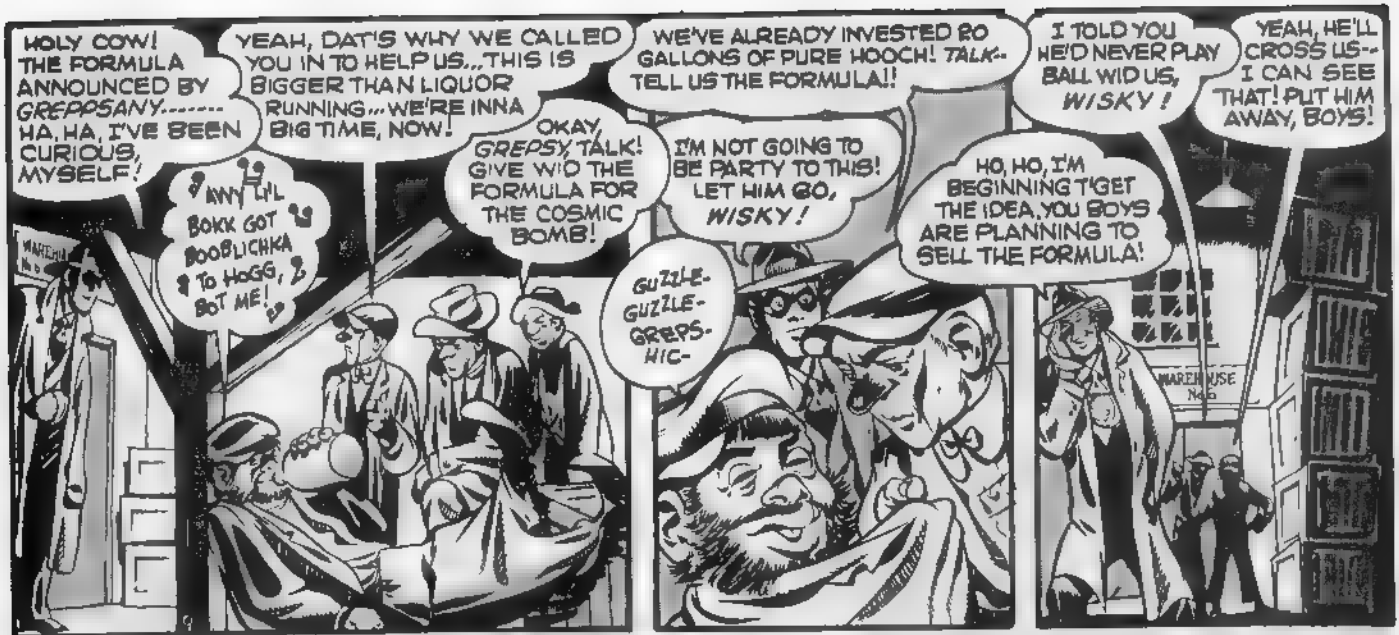
..AS FOR ME, I WAS STILL QUITE WEAK FROM THE BEATING I TOOK IN THE DAWES CASE A WEEK BEFORE...AND... I WANTED TO LOOK UP "WISKY"!

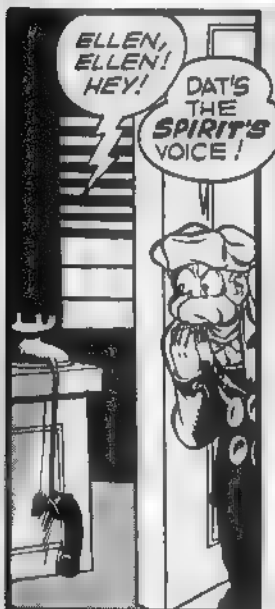


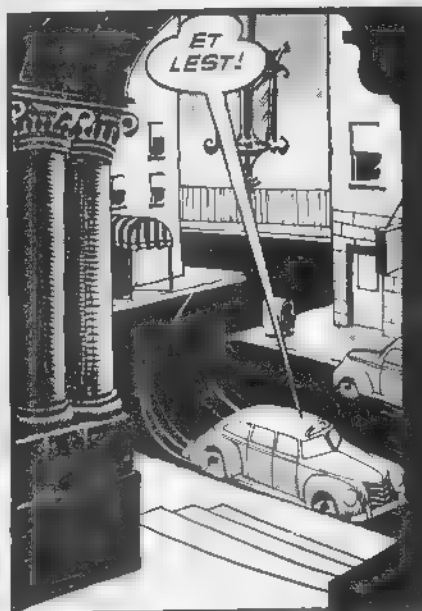
--and so, while the world waits, three hired delegates leave Greppsany for America with that nation's "cosmic answer"!













The Inner Voice



Diary ~~care~~ inner voice File No. 1
 It was a hot August day...not unlike this one! Most of the city folks were away for the week-end and I, having sought the subterranean coolness of my WILDWOOD hideaway, was comfortably settled...with one of EBONY'S iced lemonades!

Nothing, I was sure, would have the energy to defy this heat! My surprise, therefore, was loaded with annoyance when the secret buggler (that keeps me in touch with DOLAN'S office), made like an angry bee in my ear! But I had to go, for DOLAN never used this save for EMERGENCIES!

AT HEADQUARTERS, **BOLAN** DROPPED THE THING IN MY LAP? IN THE COURSE OF A SEARCH FOR **ANDRE BOUCHARD**, THE NOTORIOUS CHARLATAN, THEY HAD COME UPON A MAN WHO HEARD A VOICE... **INSIDE HIM!** THE MAN'S NAME WAS **MAURICE MAYWEE** AND I FOUND HIM IN A STUFFY HOUSE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE!



THE STORY REALLY BEGINS DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR...ABOUT 1936! ANDRÉ AND I WERE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE LOYALISTS...THAT IS, WE WERE **PRE-TENDING** TO! ACTUALLY, WE WERE THERE FOR THE PLUNDER...AND THERE WAS MUCH TO LOOT WHEN THE MOB FINISHED WITH A FASCIST'S CASTLE!



WE KNEW THAT THIS WAS JUST THE FIRST ACT IN A NEW WORLD WAR, SO WE VOWED AN OATH TO GO AWAY AND RETURN WHEN THE WARS WERE OVER! LET THE NATIONS SMASH EACH OTHER TO BITS...WE WOULD BE THE TWO WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD AT THE END!



ER... ANDRÉ... AHM... ANDRÉ WAS LEFT BEHIND.....



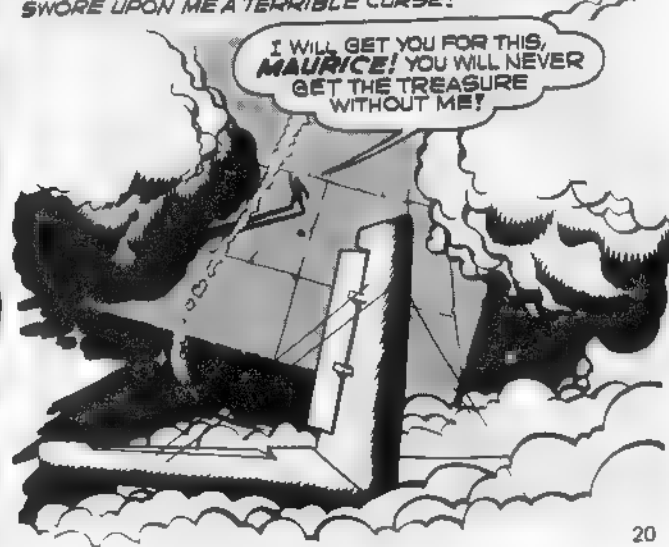
SO, WHILE THE FOOLS FOUGHT A HOPELESS CAUSE, ANDRÉ AND I SYSTEMATICALLY BURIED A VAST HOARD OF TREASURE IN THE PYRENEES! WE BURIED A STRONG BOX OF STEEL AND CONCRETE...AND MADE ONLY TWO KEYS, OF GOLD...ONE FOR HIM AND ONE FOR ME!



THREE DAYS LATER, WE MADE A LOYALIST AIRDROME THAT WAS UNDER ATTACK! WE RACED FOR THE LAST PLANE OUT...



...AND WITH HIS CUSTOMARY LACK OF GRACIOUSNESS, HE SWORE UPON ME A TERRIBLE CURSE!



WELL...SIGH...THE NAZIS GOT ANDRÉ AND THE FRENCH ARMY DRAFTED ME! AND WHEN THE MAGINOT LINE WAS FLANKED A FEW YEARS LATER, I WAS SHREWD ENOUGH TO ESCAPE!

SACRÉ BLEU! IT WAS A RAT'S LIFE THAT FOLLOWED FOR ME...BUT, I HAD TO REMAIN ALIVE! I HAD TO! SO I SOLD INFORMATION...TO BOTH SIDES!



ER...AM I BORING? YOU SEEM DROWSY

EH?...NO, NO, NOT AT ALL...YAWN...MUST BE THE HEAT...I...YAWN...HO HUM...GO ON!

HERE, PLACE THE FAN CLOSER! BETTER!

UH HUH?

WELL, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL THE ALLIES LANDED AT NORMANDY AND THE INVASION SEEMED EFFECTIVE! I TRIED TO ESCAPE TO ALLIED LINES... BUT...I WAS SHOT BY A SENTRY!



BUT, SINCE I WAS A VALUABLE AGENT TO THE NAZIS, THEY DECIDED TO SAVE MY LIFE!

THEY BROUGHT IN A MAN...AND THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS!

WHEN I AWOKE, I TURNED TO THANK THE DONOR WHO SAVED MY LIFE! NOM DU CHIEN...IT WAS ANDRÉ!

GIVE HIM A BLOOD TRANSFUSION...WE WILL USE A SLAVE LABORER AS DONOR!

YES, MAURICE, NOW WE ARE CHAINED BY BLOOD! YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE ME NOW!



I WENT BACK TO GERMANY WITH THE NAZIS UNTIL THE WAR'S END... THEN, I ESCAPED TO AMERICA AND DISCOVERED THAT ANDRÉ WAS HERE, TOO... WORKING A PHONY FORTUNE-TELLING RACKET! I HAD A PLAN... I CALLED ANDRÉ.....

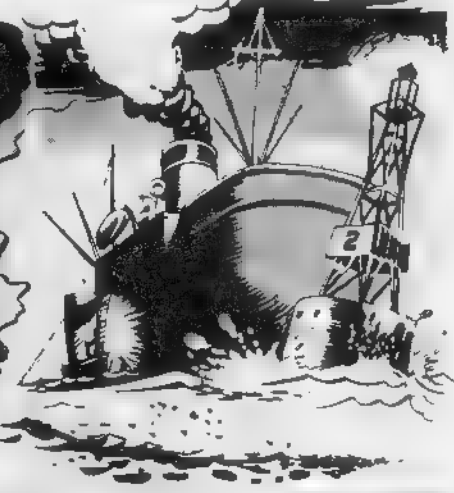
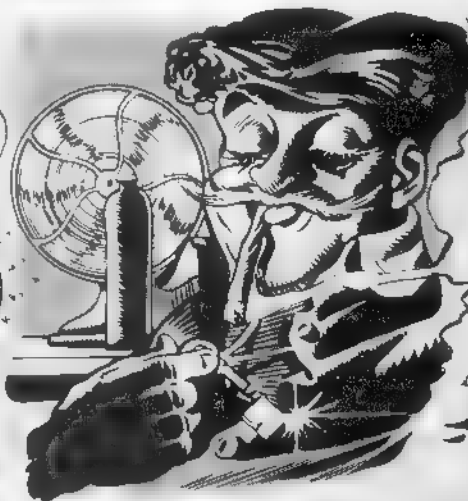
CUNNINGLY, I PLACED A FAN BEHIND A BOTTLE OF ANAESTHETIC... JUST LIKE THE ONE I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU.....

IT WAS EASY! WHEN HE PASSED OUT, I KILLED HIM AND PLACED HIM IN THE SHIP I'VE ENGAGED... NOW I HAVE BOTH KEYS!



GO BACK FOR THE TREASURE? PAH! 'THEY' WILL NEVER LET US OUT OF SPAIN!

I HAVE A BOAT READY... LISTEN TO MY PLAN...



THAT WAS YESTERDAY..... THAT WAS WHEN HIS VOICE BEGAN INSIDE ME!



YOU WILL DIE, TOO. YOU ARE CHAINED TO ME BY BLOOD... YOU WILL DIE ON THE DAWN!



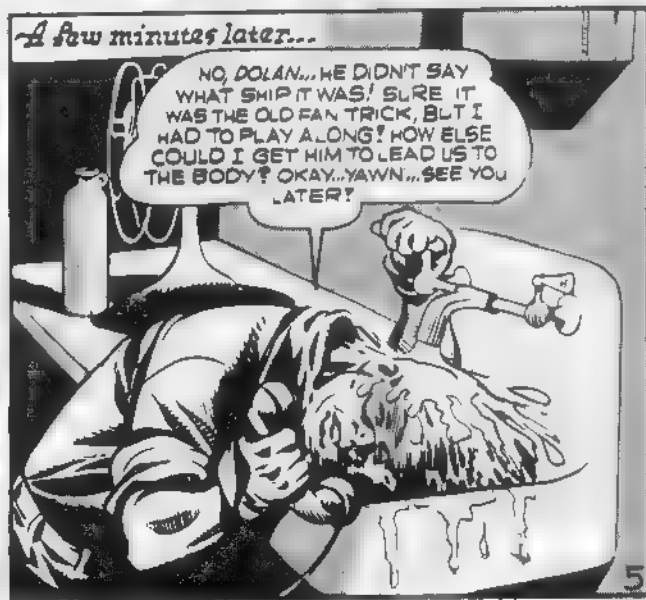
HEAR IT? HEAR IT? BUT NO, YOU ARE ASLEEP S***!! IT TOOK NEARLY A QUART OF ANAESTHETIC TO DO IT! PAH, BUT YOU ARE A POWERFUL MAN!



BY THE TIME YOU AWAKEN, FOOL, NOTHING CAN KEEP ME FROM BEING FAR AT SEA!



ADIEU!



A few minutes later...

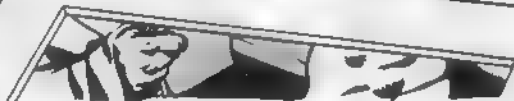
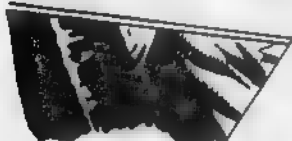
NO, DOLAN... HE DIDN'T SAY WHAT SHIP IT WAS! SURE IT WAS THE OLD FAN TRICK, BUT I HAD TO PLAY ALONG! HOW ELSE COULD I GET HIM TO LEAD US TO THE BODY? OKAY... YAWN... SEE YOU LATER!





BUT, **DOLAN**, THESE ARE ALL THE
FACTS I HAVE IN MY FILES! BESIDES,
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN VENTRILLOQUISM
INDUCED BY NEUROTIC OBSESSION!

YEAH, AND THEN AGAIN, IT MAY HAVE BEEN
TRUE! I THINK I'LL **KEEP** THESE KEYS...
WHO KNOWS? SOMEDAY, MAYBE I'LL
BE TRAVELLING SPAIN AND WELL,
WHO KNOWS...?



LIFE ON ANOTHER PLANET 3

NEW FEDERAL AGENCY NAMED TO PROBE SPACE MESSAGE

The U.S. Government has officially acknowledged today that the brief message received early this year from an unknown planet in space is genuine.

Accordingly, it has set up an ancillary agency to NASA for the purpose of furthering our attempt to make contact with what appears to be intelligent life on a distant planet.

In a speech at the Smithsonian the President stated that the existence of extraterrestrial life is a political matter rather than a scientific one and must be very carefully pursued.

Ever since the New Mexico Mesa tracking station first received the series of simple mathematical pulses, there has been a rising groundswell of interest.


A NEW FORM OF LIFE

Will Eisner '79









LISTEN,... I
HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!!
OUR WORK ON THE
DNA AND CELLULAR
STRUCTURE WILL NOW
TAKE A NEW TURN!
READ THIS
CLIPPING!

...IT'S ABOUT
THAT SIGNAL
FROM SPACE!
SO, WHAT'S IT
GOT TO DO
WITH OUR
WORK
??

DON'T YOU SEE?...
SOONER OR LATER
THEY WILL WANT TO
POPULATE THAT
PLANET... SEND
PEOPLE THERE!

SO?..

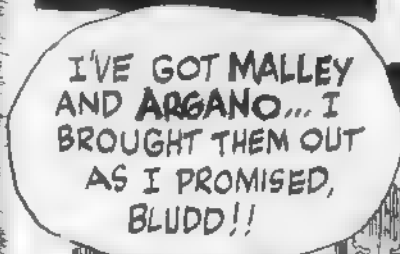
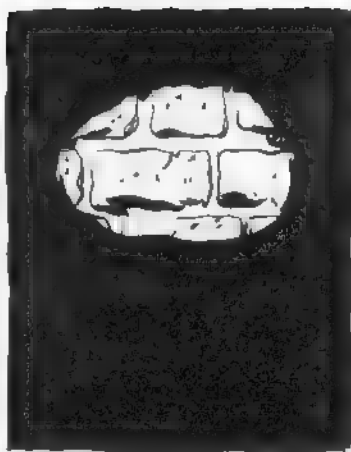
THAT PLANET
MAY NOT BE ABLE
TO SUPPORT **OUR** KIND
OF LIFE... THEY MIGHT
HAVE INTELLIGENT LIFE,
BUT **NOT** IN THE FORM
WE CALL HUMAN!


AHH... I
GET IT... LIKE
THIS PLANT... IT'S
LIFE, BUT QUITE
DIFFERENT-WITH
IT'S OWN CELL
STRUCTURE
!!

YEAH... SEE HOW
IT BENDS TOWARD
THE SUNLIGHT... THERE
IS INTELLIGENCE OF
A SORT HERE!

EXACTLY!!... SO WE
ARE GOING TO CREATE A **NEW**
CELL... A MUTATION FROM MY
BODY AND THAT PLANT... STOP
GAWKING!!... MY **DEATH** WILL
HAVE A **PURPOSE**!!... NOW
LET'S GET TO WORK!....

GERMANY





I THOUGHT YOU
DIED IN THE FIRE
BACK IN NEW
MEXICO... HOW?

NEVERMIND...
I'M HERE TO GET
YOU AND WHAT
YOU KNOW BACK
TO THE STATES!

HOLD ON, BLUDD... WE
GOT A GOOD DEAL GOING
- THE SOVIETS GIVE US A
GOOD LAB... STATUS...

WE'RE
NOT
ABOUT
TO TRADE
THAT FOR
PRISON
BACK
IN THE
STATES!

WE'LL
MAKE
A DEAL!

JUST TELL ME
WHAT YOU'VE GIVEN
THEM...

...EVERYTHING WE KNOW...
THE SIGNAL... THE FIX... THE
FREQUENCY... THEY'RE SURE
THERE'S INTELLIGENT LIFE
OUT THERE AND THEY AIM
TO BE THE FIRST TO
MAKE CONTACT...

FOR OPENERS
THEY'LL SEND
BACK THE
SAME SIGNAL!

BUT, IT'LL
TAKE YEARS...
HOW'RE
THEY GOING
TO CUT
TRANSMISSION
TIME?

EVER HEAR
OF NUTRINOS
?

IN ILLINOIS-EARLY 1977,
A TEAM OF PHYSICISTS
MEASURED A STREAM OF
CHARGED PROTONS COMING
FROM THE FERMILAB'S
ACCELERATOR ---
MILES AWAY!...

THEY DISCOVERED
THAT THE PROTONS
HAD PASSED RIGHT
THROUGH EVERY HILL
OR NATURAL OBSTACLE
AT THE SPEED
OF LIGHT...

UPON ENTERING
A WATER TOWER
CONSTRUCTED
TO TRAP AND
MEASURE THEM,
THEY CHANGED
INTO
NEUTRINOS !!

CONCLUSION:
NEUTRINOS CAN GO
THROUGH ANYTHING...SPACE
DEBRIS, ASTEROIDS, PLANETS
...AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
THE RUSSIANS HAVE DECIDED
TO USE THEM FOR
COMMUNICATING WITH
THE STAR ...

DAMN!

BY GOD...THEY'RE
WELL AHEAD OF US!

ARGANO!
I'VE GOT
TO GET
A LOOK AT
THOSE
CALCULATIONS
!!

THAT MEANS
GOING INTO
RUSSIA ...

LISTEN,
BLUDD...
YOU
DIDN'T
BARGAIN
FOR THIS
...IT'S
DANGEROUS
!!

I'M
HOOKED
NOW...
THERE'S
NO OTHER
WAY!!
TOMKINS!



ALL MY
NOTES ARE
IN MY ROOM
BACK IN
MOSCOW!

OKAY... HERE'S
HOW WE PLAY IT...
ARGANO GOES
WITH **BLUDD**...
I KEEP **MALLEY**
HERE -AS HOSTAGE
!!

HOW DO I
GET OUT
AFTERWARD,
TOMKIN?

I'LL COME
GET YOU...
I'LL WAIT
FOR YOU
IN THIS LITTLE
TOWN NEAR
THE BORDER,
BLUDD!!

HERE'S A MAP
...SEE, THIS IS
GORKY STREET
... I'LL GIVE YOU
72 HOURS TO GET
IN, PHOTOGRAPH
THE DATA AND
GET BACK TO
RENDESVOUS!

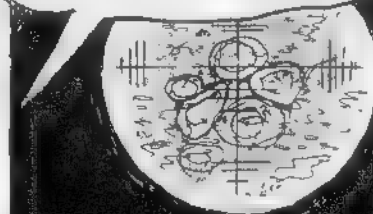
OKAY, ARGANO...IT'S YOUR
BALL NOW... ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO **BLUDD**-I'LL
WASTE YOUR PAL, **MALLEY**!

OKAY,
TOMKINS...
NO SWEAT!

LET'S GO, **BLUDD**
MOVE SLOWLY... ONCE WE'RE
PAST THE BORDER I'LL DO
ALL THE TALKING-KEEP
YOUR FACE DOWN...



CROWBEN WAS RIGHT!
IT WORKS... WE'VE GOT A
PLANT'S DNA ISOLATED
NOW... WE CAN PERFORM
A SIMPLE MUTATION ...
WITH A HUMAN
CELL... SEE??



PERFECT
PERFECT!!

NOW
WE HAVE
A
PROBLEM!

RIGHT!-
WE'LL
NEED TO
INCUBATE THE
NEW CELL...
WE'LL NEED
A LAB AND
A SECRET
PLACE TO
DO IT!

... AND
THAT'LL TAKE
BIG MONEY...
A GRANT FROM
SOMEONE WHO
BELIEVES...
NOT EASY...



I THINK I'VE
GOT THE SOLUTION!

STAR PEOPLE
WEALTHY-
CULT GROUP
GROWING

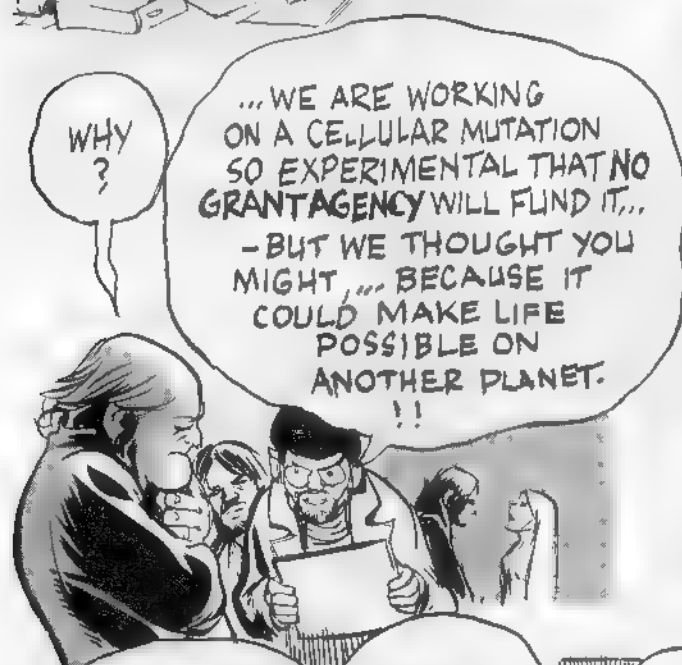


GREBE!!
COME IN
HERE!!



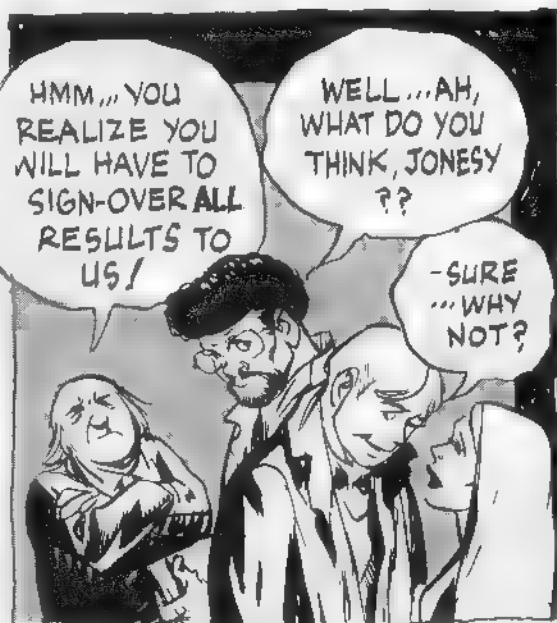
... THIS IS DR. HOAD AND DR.
JONES... THEY'RE SCIENTISTS
WHO WANT TO JOIN US!

REALLY
?



WHY
?

... WE ARE WORKING
ON A CELLULAR MUTATION
SO EXPERIMENTAL THAT NO
GRANT AGENCY WILL FUND IT...
- BUT WE THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT... BECAUSE IT
COULD MAKE LIFE
POSSIBLE ON
ANOTHER PLANET.
!!



HMM... YOU
REALIZE YOU
WILL HAVE TO
SIGN-OVER ALL
RESULTS TO
US!

WELL... AH,
WHAT DO YOU
THINK, JONESY
??

- SURE
... WHY
NOT?



I WILL NEED
A SUMMARY OF
YOUR PROJECT
AND LAB NEEDS!

SURE... I
ANTICIPATED
THAT- HERE!



RIGHT...
YOU WILL
HAVE OUR
ANSWER IN
A FEW DAYS,

WHAT DO
WE WANT
TO GIVE THEM
MONEY FOR
WHEN I NEED
A CADILLAC
?

NOW,
MARCO
- PLEASE
TRUST
GREBE
?



A
MR.
GREBE
TO
SEE
YOU,
MR.
MACREADY

?

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE, GREBE
..I TOLD YOU
NEVER TO...

THIS IS BIG, SIR!!
BRIEFLY, I'VE GOT TWO
SCIENTISTS WHO'VE
DEVELOPED A CELLULAR
MUTATION...A LIFE FORM
THAT CAN BE TRANSPORTED
TO ANOTHER PLANET...



HMMM...

YES...YES...

HOPKINS...THIS IS
MACREADY...SEE IF
YOU CAN MAKE A LAB
AVAILABLE TO GREBE
...AND FUND THE
PROJECT...

AH,
I KNEW
YOU WOULD
SEE ITS
POTENTIAL,
SIR !!

YES,
SIR!
WE HAVE
AN IDLE
LAB
IN
UTICA



TAP
TAP




I HAVE
THE ANSWER
I PROMISED
YOU LAST WEEK
... YOU HAVE
THE MONEY...
NOW, WHEN
CAN
YOU START
HOAD?

RIGHT
AWAY,
MR.
GREBE

MAYBE
I'LL SEE
YOU
LATER...

MAYBE...





KEEP AWAY
FROM... THE WINDOW...
BLUDD... THIS IS MOSCOW
ANY ODD MOVEMENT WILL
CAUSE SUSPICION...

OKAY,
ARGANO...
LET'S SEE
THE PAPERS!

HERE
WE'VE GOT
ALL THE
COMPUTATIONS
DONE...

HURRY,
FER'CHRIST
SAKE...
SOMEONE'S
COMING!!

HERE'S YOUR
CAMERA... I'LL
KEEP THE FILM!

GET
IN
THE
CLOSET!

DARLING!!

HOW'D THINGS
GO AT THE BUREAU
TODAY, NADIA?

NADIA
?

NADIA!



WAIT, NADIA,...

BLUDD!! ...
SO YOU DIDN'T
DIE IN THE FIRE!

OBSOULETLY,... SO,
EX-MISS BOWEN IS
ARGANO'S LOVER
... NEAT...



YOU,...YOU TRAITOR!!
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR
YOU...I KEPT YOU OUT
OF THE K.G.B.'S HANDS...
I GOT YOU PRIVILEGES!...

DO YOU REALIZE
WHAT THIS WILL
DO TO ME... MY
CAREER...MY LIFE!

QUIET,
NADIA-
QUIET!

I'M GOING
TO CALL
THE K.G.B.
✱

PLEASE
LISTEN!

NADIA
QUIET!
NADIA
NADIA...
NADIA...

GLAK

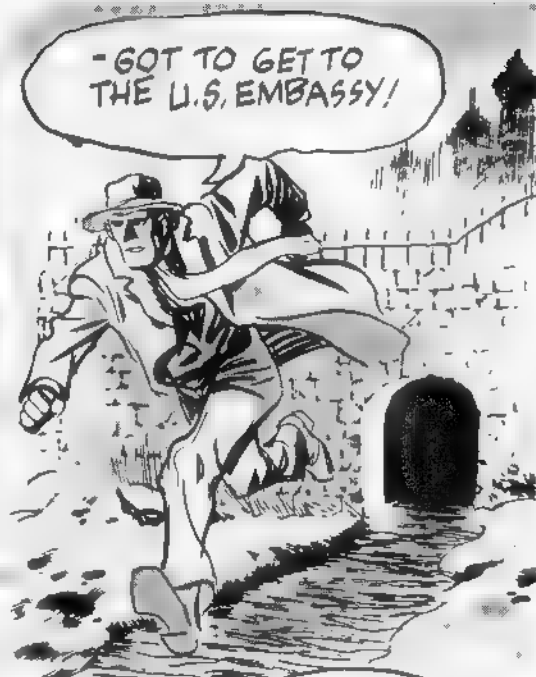
GET OUT
OF HERE,
BLUDD!

LOOKS
LIKE BOTH
OF US
HAVE TO
GET OUT-
FAST!





OH MY
GOD!



- GOT TO GET TO
THE U.S. EMBASSY!



HOLD
IT,
BLUDD!

ARGANO...
YOU FOLLOWED
ME !!

OUT OF
MY
WAY!!!

I CAN'T
LET YOU OUT,
BLUDD,... YOU'RE
THE ONLY CHANCE
I HAVE TO SQUARE
IT WITH NADIA!



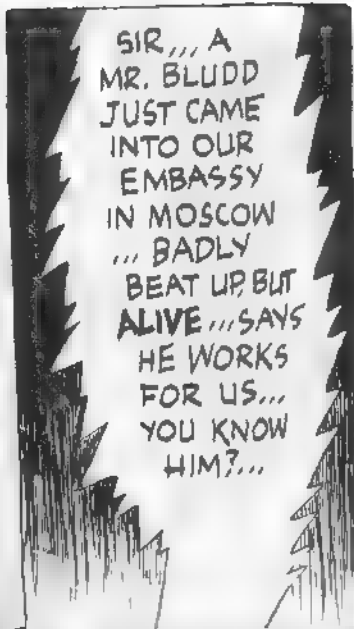
I'M TAKING
YOU BACK...

NO WAY, ARGANO...
I'VE NEVER KILLED
ANYONE IN MY
LIFE... BUT IT'S
YOU OR ME !!





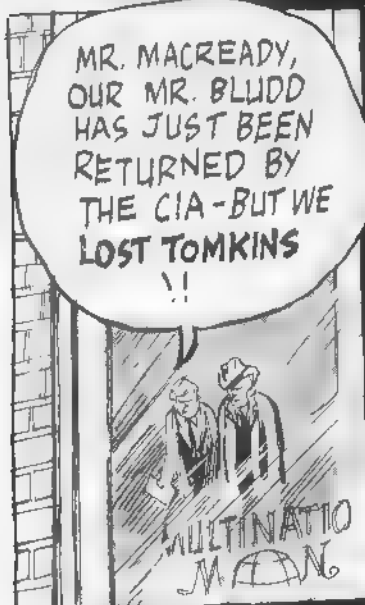
RING
RING... RING
RING...



SIR... A
MR. BLUDD
JUST CAME
INTO OUR
EMBASSY
IN MOSCOW
... BADLY
BEAT UP BUT
ALIVE... SAYS
HE WORKS
FOR US...
YOU KNOW
HIM?...



YES, GET HIM
BACK - AND
KEEP A LID ON
HIM!... HE'S
VALUABLE
PROPERTY.



MR. MACREADY,
OUR MR. BLUDD
HAS JUST BEEN
RETURNED BY
THE CIA - BUT WE
LOST TOMKINS
!!



DID
BLUDD
BRING
ANYTHING
OUT !!

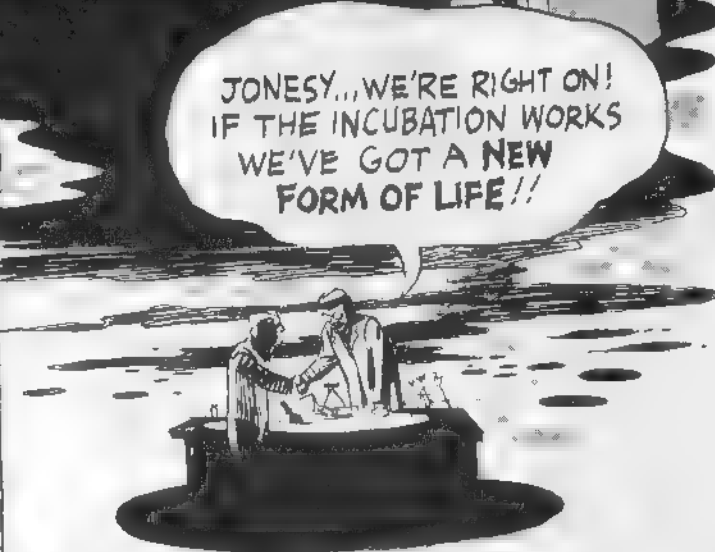
YES
SIR,
HE GOT
WHAT
WE
SENT
HIM
FOR !!



BEAUTIFUL,
BEAUTIFUL!



BEAUTIFUL...
LOOK AT THIS
CULTURE,
HOAD...



JONESY... WE'RE RIGHT ON!
IF THE INCUBATION WORKS
WE'VE GOT A NEW
FORM OF LIFE !!

To be Continued Next Issue...

THE HAUNT









Back at the haunted house...





Several days later... Dolan's house...



...AND THE CITIZENS OF CENTRAL CITY SHOULD GIVE A CHEER FOR MR. CODJER FOR HIS SALE AT BELOW CEILING OF HIS HOUSE ON...

WHY THE OLD SCOUNDREL!

WHAT NERVE! TAKING CREDIT FOR THAT...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TURN HIM IN TO THE POLICE, MIST' SPIRIT? US JUNIOR DEPUTIES GOT ENVYDENSE...

NO... THE G.I.'S NOW HAVE A HOME AND MR. CODJER IS SUPPLYING THEM WITH LUMBER AT FAIR PRICES!

AS FOR THE OLD MAN, I SERIOUSLY WONDER WHETHER HE'S REALLY ENJOYING HIS FREEDOM!!



HE AIN'T ENJOYIN'...?? AH DON'T GET IT!

WELL, THAT HOUSE WAS HAUNTED... THE GHOSTS HAD TO GO SOMEWHERE!



WELL, ARCH MAH ARCHES!! IN THIS DAY AN' AGE, YO' ACK-CHILLY BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?!!



ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT THIS AIN'T LIKE HOLLO HALL... NO CREAKING FLOORING... NO LOOSE SHUTTERS... NO CHAINS OR COBWEBS!!

OH, STOP GRIPING! IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!

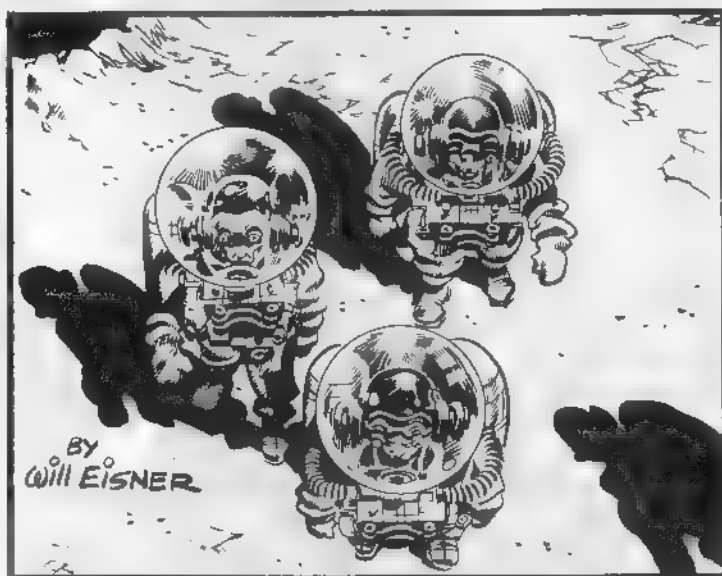
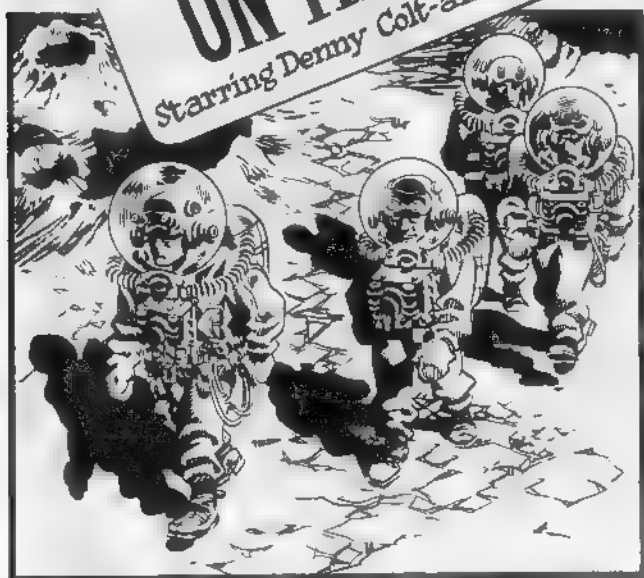
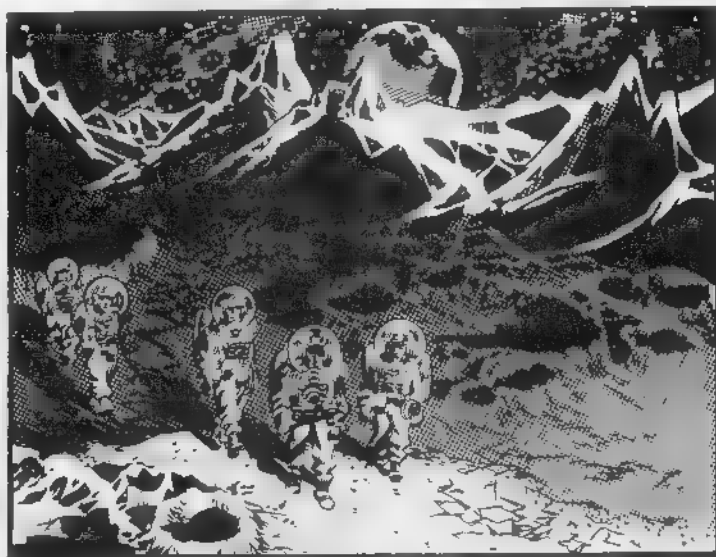
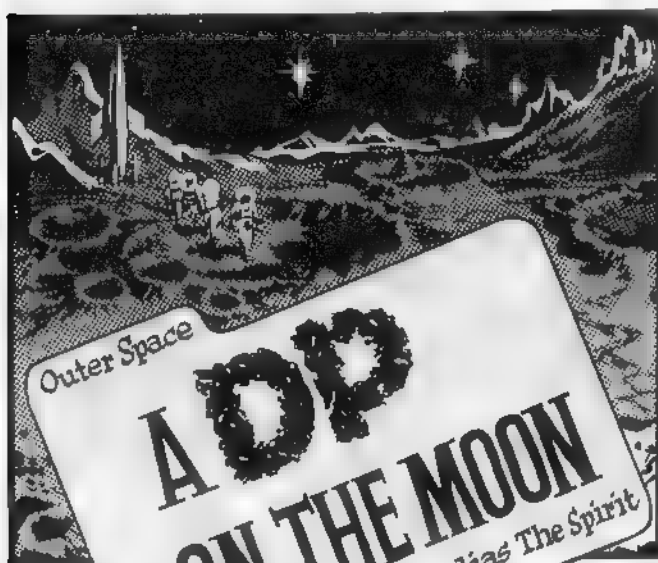
WE COULD ALWAYS GET A JOB WITH A CLAIRVOYANT!

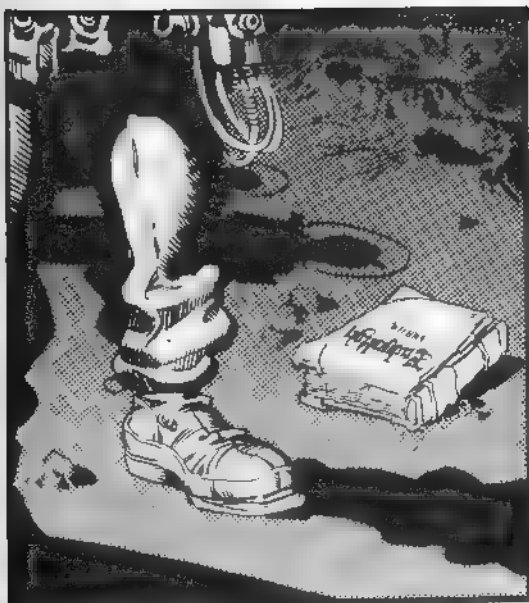
SEE? THERE THEY GO AGAIN! DOCTOR!! EVER SINCE THEY REBUILT HOLLO HALL... VOICES... FOOTSTEPS... GHOSTS!! I'M GOING MAD!

PUDDYFOOF, MY DEAR MR. CODJER! THERE ARE NO VOICES! IMAGINATION, THAT'S ALL! NOW TAKE THIS THREE TIMES A DAY... YOU'LL BE FINE IN A WEEK!!



THIS IS THE SECOND STORY IN THE SERIES OF WEEKLY SPIRIT SECTIONS THAT WERE RENDERED BY WALLY WOOD. WHILE THE COMPOSITIONS AND THE STORY AS WELL AS THE DIALOG WERE PRODUCED BY JULES FEIFFER AND WILL EISNER, THE MAGNIFICENT HARDWARE AND SPACE MACHINERY ARE ALL WOOD'S. THIS IS ALL THE MORE REMARKABLE WHEN ONE REALIZES THAT THIS WORK WAS PRODUCED IN 1952.





WHY... IT
IS A
BOOK!

YES... A BOOK.
IT COULD NOT
HAVE BEEN
DROPPED
BY ONE OF
OUR PARTY.
IT WAS HERE...

**BEFORE
WE
ARRIVED
ON THE
MOON!**

IT'S IN
SPANISH.



I CAN READ SPANISH..
THE WRITING IS IN A
TERRIBLE SCRAWL...
IT SAYS ... DIARY OF...
DIARY OF...



CAN'T SEEM
TO MAKE OUT
THE MAN'S
NAME...



GOOD HEAVENS!



WHAT IS IT,
PROFESSOR
?



THE NAME IS FRANCISCO RIVERA...
THE SOUTH AMERICAN DICTATOR WHOSE
REALM WAS OVERTHROWN 10 YEARS AGO!

**RIVERA WAS
HERE ON
THE MOON!**



ya es tarde, y las solo
quedan emocionante calles
vuelven a quedar dia de
terminando emocionante los
sab las calle

Yel dia de las elecciones
ya terminado vuelven las
quedar tarde desiertas un
emocionante los papeles han
titulares con quedan ha
tarde, y las calles iertas

HERE... I'LL
READ IT FOR YOU..
IT SAYS...

Monday...I spoke to
Colonel Gomez. All is in
readiness for the flight.
I dare not write details
even in this, my diary.
The situation has
deteriorated so. I have
been betrayed by the peasant
gangster spies, I am sur-
rounded by informers.

Tuesday...My belongings
are aboard. I have allowed
Colonel Gomez to select a
crew. I do not trust him
but there is no one else
to turn to...

THERE WILL BE
A CREW OF FIVE,
MY LEADER. ALL
YOUR BELONGINGS
ARE ABOARD !

GOOD !
WE
TAKE OFF
AT
DAWN !

My door is locked as I write this.
I know they are all planning to
kill me. I never noticed how
weak Gomez looked before. I
wonder....

WE ARE READY,
MY LEADER !

NOK
NOK

SNIK!

Colonel Gomez looks like a spy
sometimes I think I imagine things ...but
I cannot be too careful.... I am surrounded
by enemies

HAIL
O' LEADER ! WHEN
NEXT THIS DOOR OPENS
YOU WILL BE LOOKING
AT THE MOON !

Wednesday... We are in space.



SO... A PLOT... THEY HAVE SURROUNDED ME WITH A CREW OF ENEMIES OF THE MONARCHY SPIES... PEASANT RABBLE...



W-WHAT'S THAT, MY LEADER?

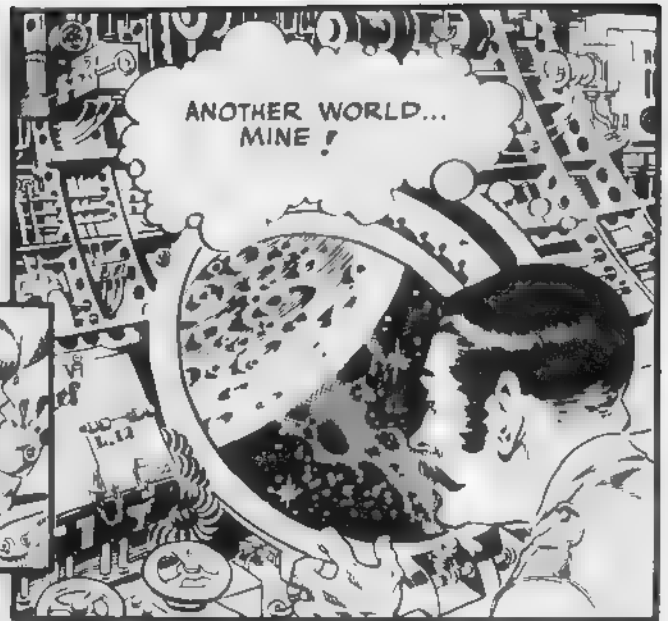
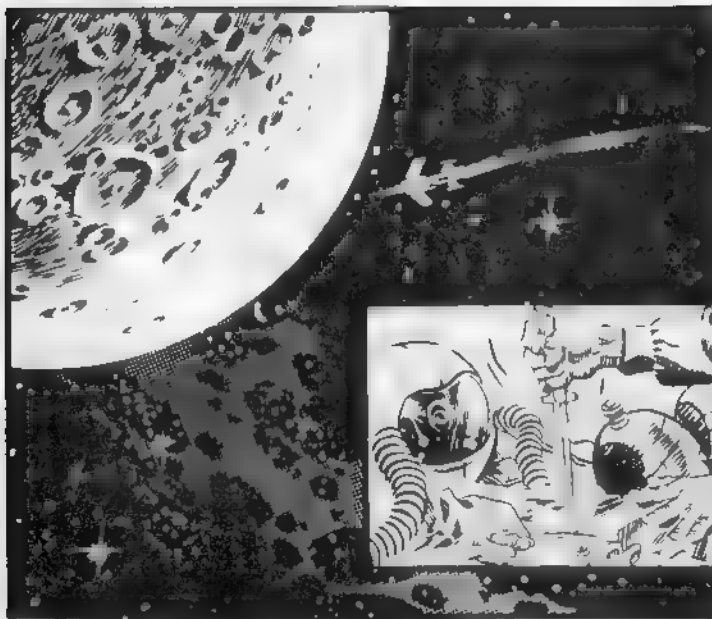
OH... DID I SPEAK ALOUD...?

IT... IT WAS NOTHING...



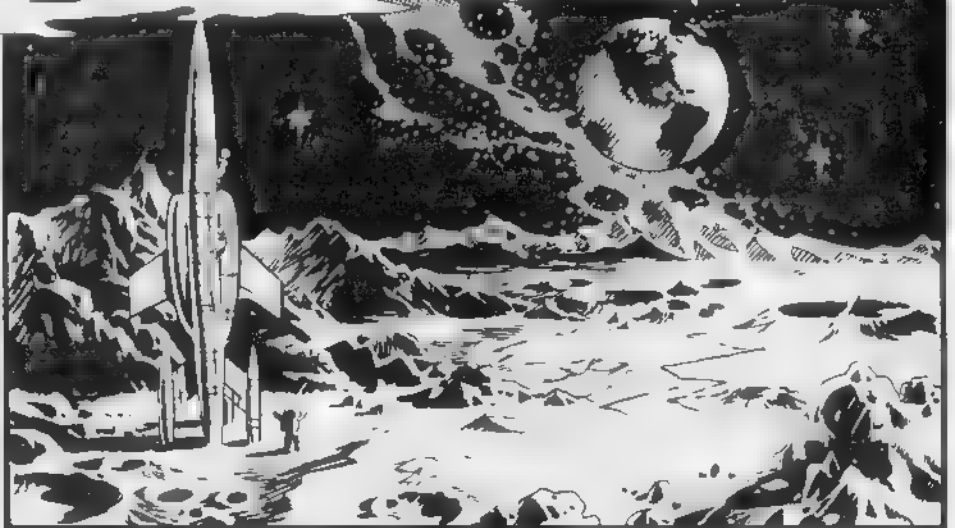
I am sure of it now. The crew Gomez picked are all spies. It is a plot. I must not let them know that I have discovered their scheme...





We have arrived safely on the moon. They plan to kill me today. I am certain. They are mad... all of them !

It is an odd feeling. The air is so light ...ah, but there is no air !...I forget... and my space suit is the good one...



The others are following me out...



They exploded ! I did not know they would explode. None of them ever noticed that I had weakened the seams of their suits....



They are all dead. I have thwarted the plot!

Monday... I climbed around many rocks and craters. I saw much and I am tired. The space suit is clumsy and I am lonely...



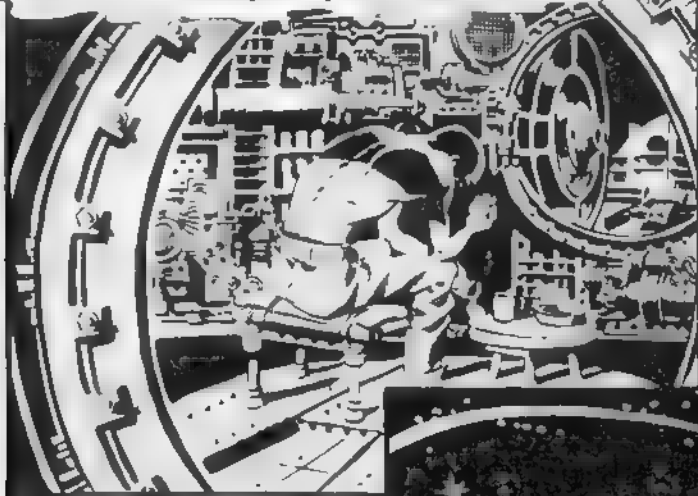
Tuesday... All day I stayed in the ship. I am the king of space. It is a thankless monarchy...

Wednesday... What is there to master? How can I tell these craters that I am their superior?

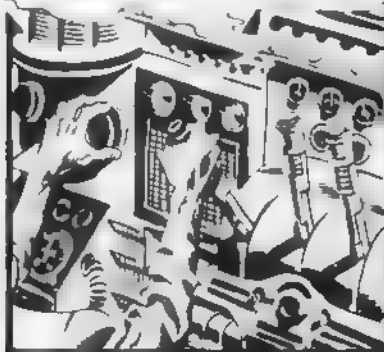


What day is it? I do not know... here there is no day... no night. How long have I been here? I do not know. The food supply grows short...

Now the oxygen supply grows short. It was to last a year. Could a year have gone by? I have trouble remembering... Sometimes I forget my name...



I have studied the ship and Colonel Gomez's log. If I can get it started I will be all right. I must try to return to earth or I will die...



The revolt must be over. I will hide in the hills and reorganize. The rabble will forgive as they always do. My people need me to help rebuild. Rivera's star will shine again. In an hour I embark. I leave this book for any future historian who happens upon it. **I was the first!**

SIGNED....
FRANCISCO RIVERA.

AND SO IT ENDS...

BUT WHERE'S THE SHIP?




YOU DON'T THINK HE COULD SUCCESSFULLY LAUNCH IT HIMSELF...??


IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE MIGHT HAVE MADE IT..?



To be Continued Next Issue...



IF GOD REQUIRES THAT
MEN HONOR THEIR
AGREEMENTS...

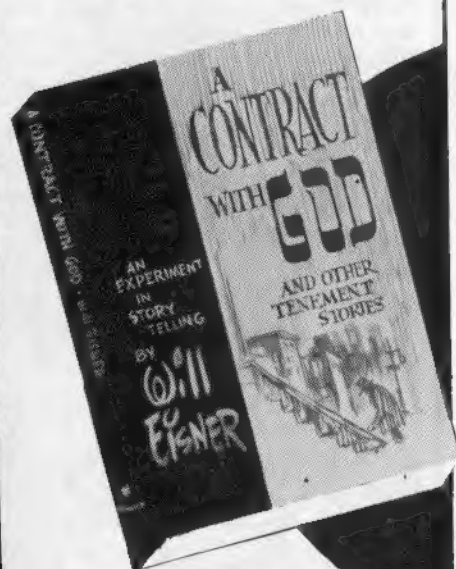


...THEN
IS NOT
GOD,
ALSO,
SO
OBLIGATED
??

A CONTRACT WITH GOD

And other
tenement
stories

By
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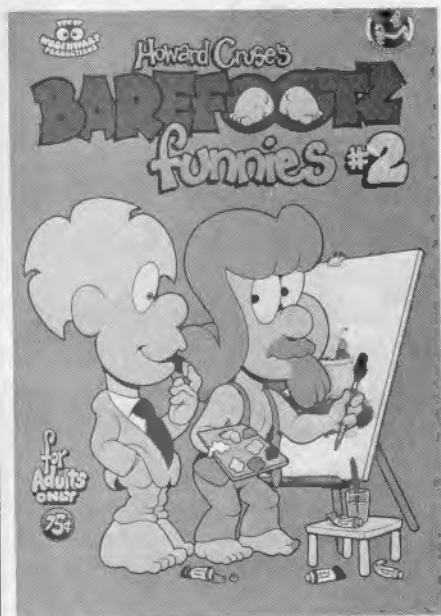
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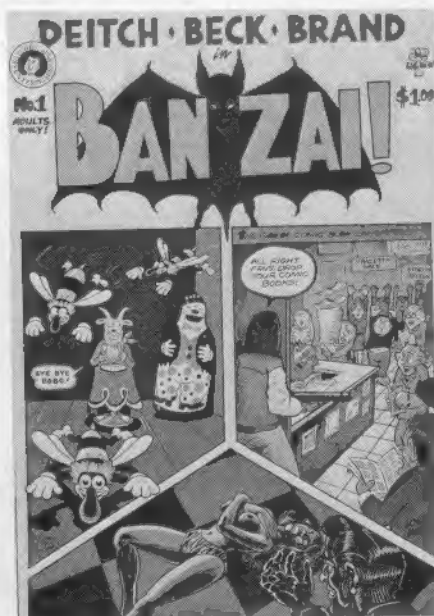
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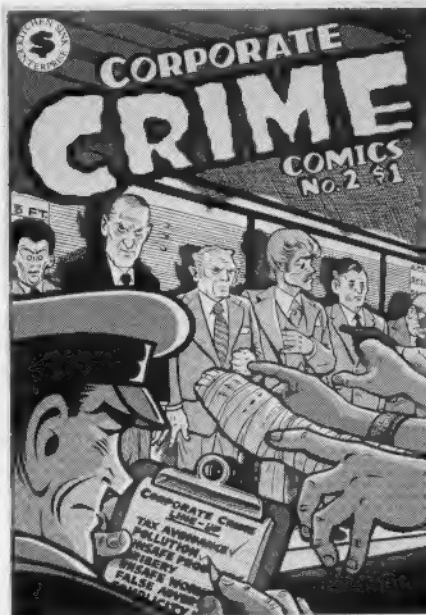


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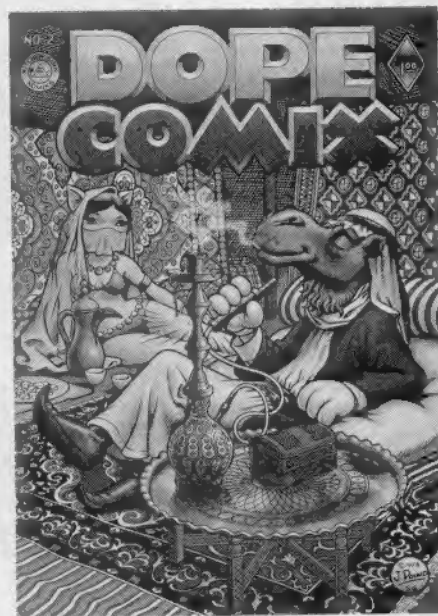
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WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS

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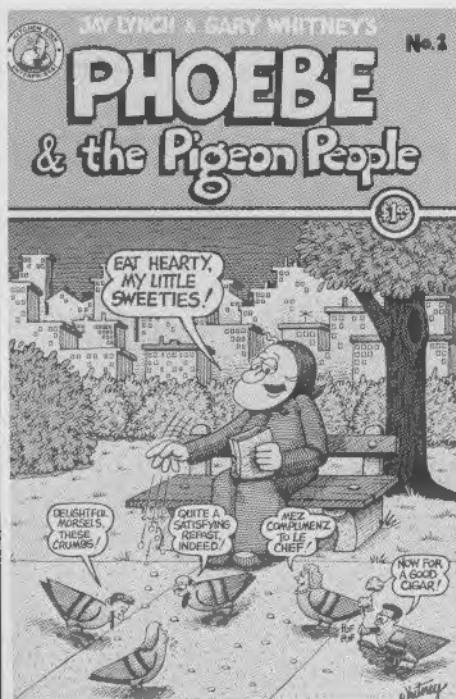
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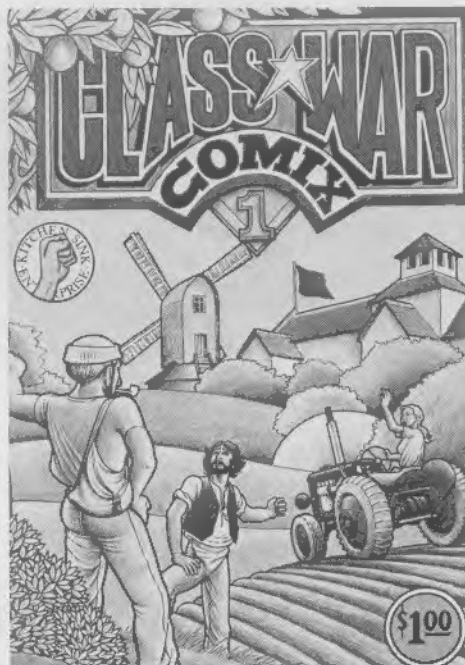
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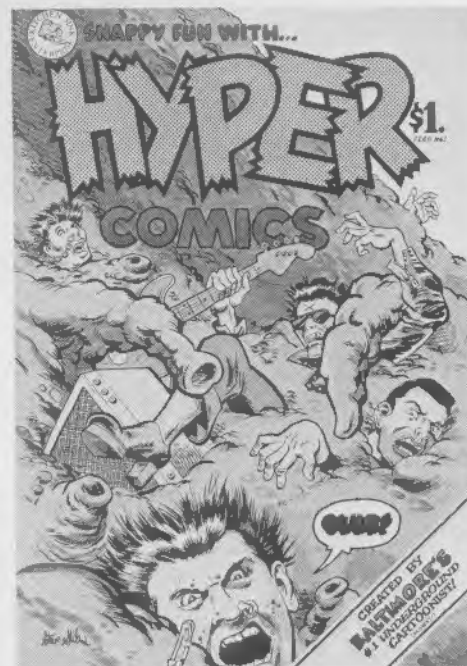
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